Foix, Talleyrand, Roederer and Beaumarchais; the latter is quite deaf, but still clever and sprightly.

Yesterday I dined at Madame Charles de Damas', with all the Laborde family, and spent the evening with Madame d'Houdetot, once the wit and life of the Court, and connected with the Marquis de St. Lambert, author of "Les Saisons." He is now old and infirm, but came to supper and was very merry. We had also the Duke de Rohan, Madame de Beauveau's brother. It was of Madame d'Houdetot that Rousseau was enamoured.[1]

Yesterday a police officer brought a letter for Major Gall, requiring him to attend at the *Bureau de Surveillance.* From this ignorance of his departure, I conclude that *la Surveillance est bien relachee sur mon compte,* since the time when I had *quarante mouches a mes trousses.*

I have signed the preliminary convention as a basis for the general exchange of prisoners, leaving two articles for the decision of our Court. Sir Sidney's release will be the immediate consequence of the ratification. His Majesty offers a

[1] St. Lambert, being jealous of Rousseau, wrote the

following lines:—

*' Dans le sein des faveurs de la beaut 6 que
i'aime,
Je d6teste les traits dont 1'amour m'a
£rapp6.
Mon rival plus heureux goute un bonheur
supreme:
On nous trompe tous deux; mais il est
mieux tromp6."